

dramatic interpretation, and I expect that I when I yell GO! they will explode into sculptures they are proud of. I will tell them that they can have as much fun as they want to with this closure activity, and that they can be as *abstract* or *metaphorical* as they like. GO! GO!

Materials Needed

- Copies of “The Bill,” by Tom Robbins
- Envelopes
- Paper and writing utensils

Methods of evaluation (with the specific objectives which they evaluate indicated)

Student participation (2.1, 3.1, 8.1, 10.3)

Student letters (1.4, 5.1, 9.2, 10.3)

*Note: See appendix to the unit for complete evaluation plan.

Lesson Evaluation

What is to come?

The fourth week, which will be a transitory week from self-identity toward some larger piece of literature (which I think will be a relatively gentle transition for any work because of the universality of our unit's theme) is still in the planning phases. Some ideas:

- ♦ Looking once again at the questions that the students wrote and asked the psychologist. We can use this as a basis to talk about what makes a "good" question. This is where I would ask them to develop a true list of their big questions (Postman and Weingartner). We can talk, as a group, about what kind of questions prompted the best answers from the psychologist. What kind of questions prompted answers from which we learned the most?
- ♦ Immediately in the fourth week, I would have the students fill out their own self-evaluation form (included with the evaluation materials). I wanted to save this until their work was complete with this unit. I think this would be a good way for the students to set goals for themselves in the next unit. This may be a good time to have conferences with each student, as well.
- ♦ More dramatic improvisation! I love it! Maybe we could transition from sculptures into machines!
- ♦ Instruction about revision. I want the students to work with their scripts and discourse choice writings again. I want to spend some time talking about aspects of revision and engineer the beginning phases of peer-revision activities (to be used frequently as the year progresses).
- ♦ Some more critiquing of the media. I would like to bring more music and television into the classroom. I'm sure that we could tie it in (as well as teach the students to be *conscious* consumers of the media) with what we are studying.
- ♦ Continuing to explore ourselves as we study EVERYTHING! We will use our study of self-identity as a basis for all of our future learnings.

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EVALUATION PLAN

Evaluation Plan

My philosophy of evaluation:

My unit hopes to appeal to all different kinds of students. I tried to emphasize the many different kinds of intelligences as well as the different aims of an English classroom in my thematic unit. Therefore, my philosophy of evaluation includes the many kinds of intelligences and diverse language art skills.

I believe that we are teachers to teach students, not just content. Because of this, I believe that the process of learning is as important as the products of learning. I will therefore not give a test at unit's end. Instead, students' growth will be measured in formative and summative increments and processes and products will receive equal weight in tallying final unit grades. Because I believe that completely competitive classrooms alienate more than half of the students, my evaluation goals will be more cooperative than competitive. I realize that many students are used to the grade-reward-or-punishment system, but I am trying to get the students away from this frame of mind. I'm trying to get the grade conscious students to see that there is more to learning than just the grades; and simultaneously, I am trying to get the students who have rejected school because of grades to see that learning is valuable and that grades can accurately reflect their growth. The goals of my unit are not things that can be measured by perfect Standard English grammar or correct 5-paragraph essays. My goals, theme-based, are what will drive my evaluation methods. And part of teaching, I believe, is meeting students where they are and helping them grow. Because of this, I believe that evaluation should measure growth, not objective perfection.

I intend to provide a balance of different evaluation methods. I include formative assessment so that students are prepared and have time to improve and work for a summative evaluation. Grades should not be a surprise. . . But everyone should have the capability of doing well.

Unit Learning Objectives to be evaluated:

Student learning of the following general objectives will be evaluated:

Cognitive:

1. Understand identity as having a central place in literature and in personal thought.
2. Think critically about self-identity.
3. Develop responses to literature.
4. Recognize that differences make the world a rich place

Affective:

5. Value themselves and their experiences.
6. Value the culture and experiences of others.
7. Share feelings with others.

Performance:

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8. Speak confidently in their own voice.
9. Use language to communicate their situations and experiences.
10. Compose in various forms of discourse.

Virginia SOL's

- 10.1 The student will participate in and report small-group learning activities.
- 10.3 The students will read and critique literary works from a variety of eras in a variety of cultures.

Specific process outcomes to be evaluated:

1. Understand identity as having a central place in literature and in personal thought.
 - 1.1 Create comparisons between characters' psyche and their own. [Day 3,6]
 - 1.2 Identify problems of identity in literary characters. [Day 3,5,6,8]
 - 1.4 Think critically about aspects of themselves that need improvement. [Day 10,11]
2. Think critically about self-identity.
 - 2.3 Identify influences on identity. [Day 1,2]
 - 2.4 Understand the word "consciousness." [Day 2]
 - 2.6 Understand the term "cultural identity." [Day 8]
3. Develop responses to literature.
 - 3.1 Respond to a variety of literature. [Day 1,2,3,4,7,8,11]
 - 3.2 Discuss a variety of discourse modes. [Day 4,6,7]
 - 3.3 Understand the concept of metaphor. [Day 2]
 - 3.4 Critique the language of the media. [Day 9]
4. Recognize that differences make the world a rich place.
 - 4.2 Discuss the role of culture in identity consciousness. [Day 8]
5. Value themselves and their experiences.
 - 5.1 Communicate with themselves about their own identity issues. [Day 11]
6. Value the culture and experiences of others.
 - 6.2 Discuss cultural identity. [Day 8]
7. Share feelings with others.
 - 7.2 Share ideas/feelings with the large group. [Day 3,8,9]
8. Speak confidently in their own voice.
 - 8.1 Feel confident and safe about sharing. [Day 1,4,5,6,8,11]
 - 8.2 Share with small and large group. [Day 8]
 - 8.3 Articulate feelings and thoughts. [Day 2,5,6,9]
9. Use language to communicate their situations and experiences.

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- 9.1 Share in small groups. [Day 6,7,8,9]
- 9.3 Speak to larger group about identity issues in their lives. [Day 1,9,10]
- 10.1 The student will participate in and report small group learning activities.
 - 10.1.1 Work in pairs. [Day 3,4,5,8]
 - 10.1.2 Work in teams of four. [Day 9]
- 10.3 The student will read and critique literary works from a variety of eras in a variety of cultures.
 - 10.3.1 Interpret Danny Santiago's "The Somebody." [Day 3]
 - 10.3.2 Interpret Alice Walker's "The Flowers." [Day 8]
 - 10.3.3 Interpret Sandra Cisneros' vignette "Smart Cookie." [Day 4]

Specific **product** outcomes to be evaluated:

- 1. Understand identity as having a central place in literature and in personal thought.
 - 1.3 Dramatize characters' perception of self. [Day 5]
- 2. Think critically about self-identity.
 - 2.1 Create dramatic interpretations. [Day 2,11]
 - 2.2 Create visual depictions of identity. [Day 1]
- 3. Develop responses to literature.
 - 3.5 Write a script. [Day 4]
- 4. Recognize that differences make the world a rich place.
 - 4.1 Define what it means to "be somebody." [Day 3,4,5,6]
- 5. Value themselves and their experiences.
 - 5.2 Create metaphors to shed light on their identities. [Day 2]
- 6. Value the culture and experiences of others.
 - 6.1 Identify differences between the identities of literary characters. [Day 4,5,6]
- 7. Share feelings with others.
 - 7.1 Present products of thought and effort to the class. [Day 1,5]
- 9. Use language to communicate their situations and experiences.
 - 9.2 Compose various pieces about themselves and their identities. [Day 2,6,7,8,11]
- 10. Compose in various forms of discourse.
 - 10.1 Work cooperatively to compose a product. [Day 4,5]
 - 10.2 Experiment with different discourses. [Day 5,6,7]
 - 10.3 Experiment with different genres. [Day 4,5,7,11]

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10.1 The student will participate in and report small-group learning activities.

10.1.3 Present learnings to the larger group. [Day 3,5,8,9]

Methods of Evaluation:

My primary strategy is a tallying of points, i.e., students receive points for completion of the various products and processes. These points, at unit end, will be calculated into a final unit grade (Figgins, draft of evaluation plan).

Informal assessment strategies:

Learning Logs (Adaptation of Milner/Milner, p. 379-81)

Students will be responsible for:

- 1) completing assignments in the Log
 - a) metaphor writing
 - b) two learning station products
 - c) including the magazine images they picked out and explanations of their choice
- 2) recording choices in the Log
- 3) contributing in other specified ways, as they choose, in the Log (see Log assignment)

Exit Writings

Student will be responsible and awarded points for completing:

- 1) an exit writing about what it takes to "be somebody"
- 2) an exit writing about "cultural identity"
- 3) list of questions for a psychologist about identity

Participation Log

Teacher will keep track of this unless other tactics need to be employed. Participation will be informally kept track of in the teacher's Anecdotal Records (see example) (Milner/Milner, p. 386-87). If this is not effective, the teacher will confront students on an individual basis and explore other options (such as students keeping track of their own participation, etc.) These points will be very easily achieved by the students--as a way to promote a safe classroom environment in which students can succeed. Both participation in discussions, dramatic interpretations, and participation in small groups will be evaluated in this way. This is to ensure that the teacher is not spending all of her time evaluating every move the students make

Formal assessment strategies:

Writing Portfolios (Milner/Milner, p. 382)

This will be a place where students will keep their writings-in-progress that they plan on returning to, and their finished writing pieces that they

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have composed. In this unit, there will be no “finished” work, but there will be two things included in the portfolio to which we will return when we learn about revision in the week following the thematic unit. Students will therefore receive points for completing the drafts. A more specific rubric will be created when the teacher views the students’ writings and focuses revision instruction based on their writing issues. To be included:

- 1) Script
- 2) Choice of discourse writing

Self Evaluation

Students will assess their own growth and effort.

Unit Grade Formula:

Process:

Learning Logs	
student additions	20
(minimum of 2)	
Exit Writings	
3 @ 5 pts each	15
Participation	
from Anec. records	20

Product:

Writing Portfolio	
2 in-process writings @ 10 pts each	20
Self Evaluation	
based on student growth	15
Learning Logs	
4 assignments @ 5 pts each	20

Process points total: 55 Product point total: 55

Total points available: 110*

* Note: In addition, there will be extra credit points available if students write more than they are required and show exemplary involvement in the class.

Rationale for point system as it is employed:

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I do not think that my profiled students are prepared to be evaluated for anything other than their efforts and participation at this point. I have not taught them anything about the mechanics of writing, or about the best ways to dramatically perform and I therefore would be unfair to hold them to criteria to which they had not been introduced. This is the first unit of the year, and I am trying to create an environment in which these kids feel safe. . . A place where they can voice their opinions verbally, bodily, and on paper without being threatened by tough evaluation rubrics. As I coach the students toward bettering their skills, I will develop evaluation plans which stress those skills. But at this point, I am just trying to find out what skills they already have.

The following scale will be used to compute a unit grade:

110-99	A
98-88	B
87-77	C
76-66	D
0-65	Incomplete (which becomes an F if student does not complete work before the end of the grading period)



APPENDICES

APPENDIX A: SOURCES FOR STUDY IN INTRODUCTORY WEEK

APPENDIX B: SOURCES FOR STUDY IN THEMATIC UNIT

APPENDIX C: LEARNING STATION MATERIALS FOR INTRO. WEEK

APPENDIX D: LEARNING STATION MATERIALS FOR THEMATIC UNIT

APPENDIX E: EVALUATION MATERIALS AND CRITERIA

APPENDIX F: GRAMMATICAL
MINI-LESSON

APPENDIX A:

SOURCES FOR STUDY IN INTRODUCTORY WEEK

NAME _____

Appointment Sheet

Directions: Find 7 individuals in the class to make appointments with. Make sure that you have only one appointment with any given classmate. And make sure that he/she signs your sheet in the same slot that you sign on his/her sheet. Get ready to have some fun and to learn about your fellow classmates!!!

Appointment #1 _____

Appointment #2 _____

Appointment #3 _____

Appointment #4 _____

Appointment #5 _____

Appointment #6 _____

Appointment #7 _____

Name _____

Sentence Completion

Complete the following sentences. Write as much as you wish on each one. Your answers will be kept confidential unless you wish to share them.

1. I'm not happy

2. Sometimes I wish I were

3. I'm pretty good at

4. My friends think I'm

5. Writing assignments are

6. When I get home from school I

7. I have hopes

8. I'm afraid of

9. School is

10. The most important thing to me is

Name _____

Your Learning Log

During our journey together this year, you will need a spiral notebook with at least one pocket to track your learning. When you buy your Learning Log, I ask that you do the following things to set it up:

1. Print your name and class period on the outside cover and on the first page inside your Learning Log.
2. On the last page in your Log, write the words "Book List" at the top of the page.
3. On the inside cover, staple this sheet as a reminder of the purpose and procedures for the Learning Log.

Throughout the year, I will ask you to log your feelings, choices, and thoughts in your Learning Log. This is *your* space. I will be reading the Log, but it is ultimately there for you. The following things can be included in the Log:

- Freewrites that are both assigned in class and that you write on your own.
 - Journal entries.
 - Sketches and doodles.
 - Choices that you make in certain assignments (to be announced when required.)
 - Letters to the teacher about progress/problems.
 - Responses to books and pieces of writing (including your own).
 - Anything else that you deem appropriate--remember *you* are the pilot of this journey!
- ** Just make sure you have at least two entries per unit that were not part of assignments, but that are something of your own initiative and creation.

Things to remember that are VERY important about your Learning Log:

- ⇒ Every entry should be dated.
- ⇒ If you include something in the journal that you prefer that I do not read, you can simply fold over the page (in half). Remember, trust is **key** in our classroom!
- ⇒ You can communicate with me in your journals--I will read and respond to them.
- ⇒ Your Learning Log is a combination of journal, progress report, response gatherer, drafting space, idea collector, and thought recorder . . . You will get out of it what you put into it!
- ⇒ Learning Logs will be evaluated at the end of each unit and assessed according to the effort and thought that I see you putting into it. . . Don't worry, we will be in contact via your Log to gauge how things seem to be going.



APPENDIX B:

SOURCES FOR STUDY IN

THEMATIC UNIT

Name _____

Pre-reading

Consider the story entitled "The Somebody," by Danny Santiago. Does the title of author's name set up any expectations in your mind? What can you possibly predict from such a small bit of information? List your suppositions drawn simply from this title and author's name.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

If you drew a blank, and did not know what to suppose, consider these questions.

1. What does the title suggest? Would you assume that a story titled "The Somebody" is going to be about someone heroic, whimpish, introspective, unlucky?
2. What take on identity do think Santiago's story will deal with?
3. What kind of themes can your envision going on in this story?

If these questions prompt an additional reaction to the title, add to your original supposition list. Now turn to the first sentence of "The Somebody" and consider where it might lead the whole text. If the title and author were hooks, the first sentence is the bait:

This is Chato talking, Chato de Shamrock, from the East Side of old L.A., and I want you to know this is a big day in my life because today I quit school and went to work as a writer.

List what you suppose about the story from reading the first sentence.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

I know we have seemingly little to go on here, but we may know more than we think. Your suppositions may be based on the characters name, where he lives, what you already know is going on in his life. Other features of the first sentence may cause you to speculate in other, more imaginative ways. Compare your suppositions with your reading of "The Somebody."

Only modern authors deliberately create narrations meant to stand alone uncorrected that are also meant to seem incomplete, immature, prejudiced, or self-serving. However winning or sensible, Huck Finn and Holden Caulfield of J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* are meant to show themselves at times naive or immature, unaware or inexperienced, even when their values may appear superior to the society's.

In this respect, it is no doubt significant that the narrators of all but one of the following stories are adolescents. They behave and speak in ways that characterize a stage of growth more than a fixed personality. Such is not true of the adult narrator of the last story! But all use a vernacular rather than literary language and freely reveal their personal traits, often unwittingly, to a degree that usually distinguishes amateur from professional storytellers, character from author.

The Somebody

Danny Santiago

This is Chato talking, Chato de Shamrock, from the East Side of old L.A., and I want you to know this is a big day in my life because today I quit school and went to work as a writer. I write on fences or buildings or anything that comes along. I write my name, not the one I got from my father. I want no part of him. I write my gang name, Chato, which means Catface, because I have a flat nose like a cat. It's a Mexican word because that's what I am, a Mexican, and I'm not ashamed of it. I like that language too, man. It's way better than English to say what you mean. But German is the best, man. It's got a real rugged sound, and I'm going to learn to talk it someday.

After Chato I write "de Shamrock." That's the street where I live, and it's the name of the gang I belong to, but the others are all gone now. Their families had to move away, except Gorilla is in jail and Blackie joined the Navy because he liked swimming. But I still have our old arsenal. It's buried under the chickens, and I dig it up when I get bored. There's tire irons and chains and pick handles with spikes and two zip guns we made out of wood and they shoot real bullets but not very straight. In the good old days nobody cared to tangle with us. But now I'm the only one left.

Well, today started off like any other day. The toilet roars like a hot rod taking off. My father coughs and spits about nineteen times and hollers it's six thirty. So I holler back I'm quitting school. Things hit me like that—sudden.

"Don't you want to be a lawyer no more," he says in Spanish, "and defend the Mexican people?"

My father thinks he is very funny, and next time I get

an idea what I'm going to do in the world, he's sure not going to know about it.

"Don't you want to be a doctor," he says, "and cut off my leg for nothing someday when I ask you?"

"*Due beast ine dumb cop*," I tell him in German, but not very loud.

"How will you support me," he says, "when I retire? Or will you marry a rich old woman that owns a pool hall?"

"I'm quitting this dump! You'll never see me again!" I hollered it at him, but already he was in the kitchen making a big noise in his coffee. I could be dead and he wouldn't take me serious. So I laid there and waited for him to go off to work. When I woke up again, it was way past eleven. I can sleep forever these days. So I got out of bed and put on my cleanest jeans and my denim jacket and combed myself very careful because already I had a feeling this was going to be a big day for me.

I had to wait for breakfast because the baby was sick and throwing up milk on everything. There is always a baby vomiting in my house. When they're born, everybody comes over and says: "*Qué cute!*" but nobody passes any comments on the dirty way babies act or the dirty way they were made either. Sometimes my mother asks me to hold one for her but it always cries, maybe because I squeeze it a little hard when nobody's looking.

When my mother finally served me. I had to hold my breath, she smelled so bad of babies. I don't like to look at her any more. Her legs got those dark-blue rivers running all over them. I kept waiting for her to bawl me out about not going to school, but I guess she forgot, or something. So I said good-by and cut out.

Every time I go out my front door I have to cry for what they've done to old Shamrock Street. It used to be so fine, man, with solid homes on both sides and with back yards too. Then that trucking company bought all the land except my father's place and a couple of others. They came in with their wrecking bars and their bulldozers. You could hear those homes scream when they ripped them apart. So now Shamrock Street is just front walks that lead to a hole in the ground, and piles of busted cement. And Pelón's house and Blackie's and Egghead's are just stacks of old boards waiting to get

hauled away. I hope that never happens to your street, man.

My first stop was the front gate and there was that sign again, a big *S* wrapped around a cross like a snake with rays coming out, which is the mark of the Sierra Street gang, as everybody knows. I rubbed it off, but tonight they'll come and put it back again. In the old days they wouldn't dare to come on our street, but without your gang you're nobody. And one of these fine days they're going to catch up with me in person and that will be the end of Chato de Shamrock.

So I cruised on down to Main Street like a ghost in a graveyard. Just to prove I'm alive, I wrote my name on the parking-lot fence at the corner. A lot of names you see in public places are written very sloppy. Not me. I take my time. Like my fifth-grade teacher used to say, if other people are going to see your work, you owe it to yourself to do it right. She was real nice. She walked me home one time when some guys were after me. I think she wanted to adopt me but she never said anything about it. I owe a lot to that lady, and especially my writing. You should see it, man—it's real smooth and mellow, and curvy like a girl in a bathing suit. Everybody says so. Except one time they had me in juvenile by mistake and some doctor looked at it. He said it proved I had something wrong with me, some long word. That doctor was crazy, because I made him show me his writing and it was real ugly, man, like a barbed-wire fence with little chickens stuck on the points and all flopping their wings.

Anyway, I signed myself very clean and neat on that corner. And then I thought, Why not look for a job someplace? But I was more in the mood to write my name, so I went into the dime store and helped myself to two boxes of crayons and some chalk and cruised on down Main, writing all the way. I wondered should I write more than my name. Should I write, "Chato is a fine guy," or "Chato is wanted by the police"? Things like that. News. But I decided against it. Better to keep them guessing. Then I crossed over to Forney Play ground. It used to be our territory, but now the Sierra have taken over there like everywhere else. Just to show

them, I wrote on the tennis court and the swimming pool and the gym. I left a fine little trail of Chato de Shamrock in eight colors. Some places I used chalk, which works better on brick or plaster. But crayons are the thing for cement or anything smooth, like in the girls' rest room. On that wall I also drew a little picture the girls would be interested in and put down a phone number beside it. I bet a lot of them are going to call that number, but it isn't mine because we don't have a phone in the first place, and in the second place I'm probably never going home again.

I'm telling you, I was pretty famous at the Forney by the time I cut out, and from there I continued my travels till something hit me. You know how you put your name on something and that proves it belongs to you? Things like schoolbooks or gym shoes? So I thought, How about that, now? And I put my name on the Triple A Market and on Morrie's Liquor Store and on the Zócalo, which is a beer joint. And then I cruised on up Broadway, getting rich. I took over a barber shop and a furniture store and the Plymouth agency. And the firehouse for laughs, and the phone company so I could call all my girlfriends and keep my dimes. And then there I was at Webster and Garcia's Funeral Home with the big white columns. At first I thought that might be bad luck, but then I said, Oh, well, we all got to die sometime. So I signed myself, and now I can eat good and live in style and have a big time all my life and then kiss you all good-by and give myself the best damn funeral in L.A. for free.

And speaking of funerals, along came the Sierra right then, eight or ten of them down the street with that stupid walk which is their trade-mark. I ducked into the garage and hid behind the hearse. Not that I'm a coward. Getting beat up doesn't bother me. What I hate is those blades, man. They're like a piece of ice cutting into your belly. But the Sierra didn't see me and went on by. I couldn't hear what they were saying but I knew they had me on their mind. So I ducked into the Boys' Club, where they don't let anybody get you, no matter who you are. To pass the time I shot some baskets and played a little pool and watched the television, but the story

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was boring, so it came to me, Why not write my name on the screen? Which I did with one of those squeaky pens. The cowboys sure looked fine with Chato de Shamrock written all over them. Everybody got a kick out of it. But of course up comes Mr. Calderon and makes me wipe it off. They're always spying on you up there. And he takes me into his office and closes the door.

"Well," he says, "and how is the last of the dinosaurs?"

"What's that?" I ask him.

He shows me their picture in a book, giant lizards and real ugly, man, worse than octopus, but they're all dead now, and he explains he called me that because of the Shamrocks. Then he goes into that voice with the church music in it and I look out of the window.

"I know it's hard to lose your gang, Chato," he says, "but this is your chance to make new friends and straighten yourself out. Why don't you start coming to Boys' Club more?"

"It's boring here," I tell him.

"What about school?"

"I can't go," I said. "They'll get me."

"Who?"

"Who do you think?"

"The Sierra's forgotten you're alive," he tells me.

"Then how come they put their mark on my house every night?"

"Do they?"

He stares at me very hard. I hate those eyes of his. He thinks he knows everything. And what is he? Just a Mexican like everybody else.

"Maybe you put that mark there yourself," he says. "To make yourself big. Just like you wrote on the television."

"That was my name! I like to write my name!"

"So do dogs," he says. "On every lamppost they come to."

"You're a dog yourself," I told him, but I don't think he heard me. He just went on talking. Brother, how they love to talk up there! But I didn't bother to listen, and when he ran out of gas I left. From now on I'm scratching that Boys' Club off my list.

* * *

Out on the street it was getting nice and dark, but I could still follow my trail back toward Broadway. It felt good seeing Chato written everywhere, but at the Zócalo I stopped dead. Around my name there was a big red heart done in lipstick with some initials I didn't recognize. To tell the truth, I didn't know how to feel. In one way I was mad that anyone would fool with my name, especially if it was some guy doing it for laughs. But what guy carries lipstick? And if it was a girl, that could be kind of exciting.

A girl is what it turned out to be. I caught up with her at the telephone company. There she is, standing in the shadows, drawing her heart around my name. And she has a very pretty shape on her, too. I sneak up behind her very quiet, thinking all kinds of crazy things and my blood shooting around so fast it shakes me all over. And then she turns around and it's only Crusader Rabbit. That's what we called her in the third grade after a television show they had then, on account of her teeth. And she couldn't shed the name clear into high school.

When she sees me, she takes off down the alley, but in twenty feet I catch her. I grab for the lipstick, but she whips it behind her. I reach around and try to pull her fingers open, but her hand is sweaty and so is mine. And there we are, stuck together all the way down. I can feel everything she's got and her breath is on my cheek. She twists up against me, kind of giggling. To tell the truth, I don't like to wrestle with girls. They don't fight fair. And then we lost balance and fell against some garbage cans, so I woke up. After that I got the lipstick away from her very easy.

"What right you got to my name?" I tell her. "I never gave you permission."

"You sign yourself real fine," she says. I know that already.

"Let's go writing together," she says. "The Sierra's after me."

"I don't care," she says. "Come on, Chato—you and me can have a lot of fun."

She came up close and giggled that way. She put her hand on my hand that had the lipstick in it. And you know what? I'm ashamed to say I almost told her yes.

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It would be a change to go writing with a girl. We could talk there in the dark. We could decide on the best places. And her handwriting wasn't too bad either. But then I remembered I had my reputation to think of. Somebody would be sure to see us, and they'd be laughing at me all over the East Side. So I pulled my hand away and told her off.

"Run along, Crusader," I told her. "I don't want no partners, and especially not you."

"Who are you calling Crusader?" she screamed. "You ugly, squash-nose runt."

She called me everything. And spit at my face but missed. I didn't argue. I just cut out. And when I got to the first sewer I threw away her lipstick. Then I drifted over to the banks at Broadway and Bailey, which is a good spot for writing because a lot of people pass by there.

I don't like to brag, but it was the best work I've ever done in all my life. Under the street lamp my name shone like pure gold. I stood to one side and checked the people as they walked past and inspected it. With some you can't tell just how they feel, but with others it rings out like a cash register. There was one man. He got out of his Cadillac to buy a paper and when he saw my name he smiled. He was the age to be my father. I bet he'd give me a job if I asked him. I bet he'd take me to his home and to his office in the morning. Pretty soon I'd be sitting at my own desk and signing my name on letters and checks and things. But I would never buy a Cadillac, man. They burn too much gas.

Later a girl came by. She was around eighteen, I think, with green eyes. Her face was so pretty I didn't dare to look at her shape. Do you want me to go crazy? That girl stopped and really studied my name like she fell in love with it. She wanted to know me, I could tell. She wanted to take my hand and we'd go off together just holding hands and nothing dirty. We'd go to Beverly Hills and nobody would look at us the wrong way. I almost said, "Hello" to that girl, and, "How do you like my writing?" But not quite.

So here I am, standing on this corner with my chalk all gone and only one crayon left and it's ugly brown.

My fingers are too cold besides. But I don't care because I just had a vision, man. Did they ever turn on the lights for you so you could see the whole world and everything in it? That's how it came to me right now. I don't need to be a movie star or a boxing champion to make my name in the world. All I need is plenty of chalk and crayons. And that's easy. L.A. is a big city, man, but give me a couple of months and I'll be famous all over town. Of course they'll try to stop me—the Sierra, the police and everybody. But I'll be like a ghost, man. I'll be real mysterious, and all they'll know is just my name, signed like I always sign it, with lights shooting out like from the Holy Cross.

82

My Side of the Matter

Truman Capote

I know what is being said about me and you can take my side or theirs, that's your own business. It's my word against Eunice's and Olivia-Ann's, and it should be plain enough to anyone with two good eyes which one of us has their wits about them. I just want the citizens of the U.S.A. to know the facts, that's all.

The facts: On Sunday, August 12, this year of our Lord, Eunice tried to kill me with her papa's Civil War sword and Olivia-Ann cut up all over the place with a fourteen-inch hog knife. This is not even to mention lots of other things.

It began six months ago when I married Marge. That was the first thing I did wrong. We were married in Mobile after an acquaintance of only four days. We were both sixteen and she was visiting my cousin Georgia. Now that I've had plenty of time to think it over, I can't for the life of me figure how I fell for the likes of her. She has no looks, no body, and no brains whatsoever. But Marge is a natural blonde and maybe that's the answer. Well, we were married going on three months when Marge ups and gets pregnant; the second thing I did wrong. Then she starts hollering that she's got to go home to Mama—only she hasn't got no mama, just these two aunts, Eunice and Olivia-Ann. So she makes me quit my perfectly swell position clerking at the Cash'n' Carry and move here to Admiral's Mill which is nothing but a damn gap in the road any way you care to consider it.

The day Marge and I got off the train at the L&N depot it was raining cats and dogs and do you think anyone came to meet us? I'd shelled out forty-one cents for a telegram, too! Here my wife's pregnant and we have to tramp seven miles in a downpour. It was bad on

A Smart Cookie

I could've been somebody, you know? my mother says and sighs. She has lived in this city her whole life. She can speak two languages. She can sing an opera. She knows how to fix a T.V. But she doesn't know which subway train to take to get downtown. I hold her hand very tight while we wait for the right train to arrive.

She used to draw when she had time. Now she draws with a needle and thread, little knotted rosebuds, tulips made of silk thread. Someday she would like to go to the ballet. Someday she would like to see a play. She borrows opera records from the public library and sings with velvety lungs powerful as morning glories.

Sandra Cisneros

83⁹⁰

Today while cooking oatmeal she is Madame Butterfly until she sighs and points the wooden spoon at me. I could've been somebody, you know? Esperanza, you go to school. Study hard. That Madame Butterfly was a fool. She stirs the oatmeal. Look at my *comadres*. She means Izaura whose husband left and Yolanda whose husband is dead. Got to take care all your own, she says shaking her head.

Then out of nowhere:

Shame is a bad thing, you know. It keeps you down. You want to know why I quit school? Because I didn't have nice clothes. No clothes, but I had brains.

Yup, she says disgusted, stirring again. I was a smart cookie then.

necessary and not be embittered,
to keep a few friends, but these without
capitulation—above all, on the same
grim condition, to keep friends with himself—
here is a task for all that a man has of forti-
tude and delicacy.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

SCULPTURE

I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day.
And as my fingers pressed it, still
It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past:
The bit of clay was hard at last.
The form I gave it still it bore,
But I could change that form no more!

I took a piece of living clay,
And gently pressed it day by day,
And molded with my power and art
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years had gone:
It was a man I looked upon.
He still that early impress bore,
And I could fashion it no more!

UNKNOWN

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

Not—"How did he die?" But—"How did he live?"
Not—"What did he gain?" But—"What did he give?"
These are the units to measure the worth
Of a man as a man, regardless of birth.

84

The Flowers

Alice Walker

It seemed to Myop as she skipped lightly from hen house to pigpen to smokehouse that the days had never been as beautiful as these. The air held a keenness that made her nose twitch. The harvesting of the corn and cotton, peanuts and squash, made each day a golden surprise that caused excited little tremors to run up her jaws.

Myop carried a short, knobby stick. She struck out at random at chickens she liked, and worked out the beat of a song on the fence around the pigpen. She felt light and good in the warm sun. She was ten, and nothing existed for her but her song, the stick clutched in her dark brown hand, and the tat-de-ta-ta-ta of accompaniment.

Turning her back on the rusty boards of her family's sharecropper cabin, Myop walked along the fence till it ran into the stream made by the spring. Around the spring, where the family got drinking water, silver ferns and wildflowers grew. Along the shallow banks pigs rooted. Myop watched the tiny white bubbles disrupt the thin black scale of soil and the water that silently rose and slid away down the stream.

She had explored the woods behind the house many times. Often, in late autumn, her mother took her to gather nuts among the fallen leaves. Today she made her own path, bouncing this way and that way, vaguely keeping an eye out for snakes. She found, in addition to various common but pretty ferns and leaves, an armful of strange blue flowers with velvety ridges and a sweetsuds bush full of the brown, fragrant buds.

By twelve o'clock, her arms laden with sprigs of her findings, she was a mile or more from home. She had often been as far before, but the strangeness of the land made it not as pleasant as her usual haunts. It seemed gloomy in the little cove in which she found herself. The air was damp, the silence close and deep.

Myop began to circle back to the house, back to the peacefulness of the morning. It was then she stepped smack into his eyes. Her heel became lodged in the broken ridge between brow and nose, and she reached down quickly, unafraid, to free herself. It was only when she saw his naked grin that she gave a little yelp of surprise.

He had been a tall man. From feet to neck covered a long space. His head lay beside him. When she pushed back the leaves and layers of earth and debris Myop saw that he'd had large white teeth, all of them cracked or broken, long fingers, and very big bones. All his clothes had rotted away

except some threads of blue denim from his overalls. The buckles of the overalls had turned green.

Myop gazed around the spot with interest. Very near where she'd stepped into the head was a wild pink rose. As she picked it to add to her bundle she noticed a raised mound, a ring, around the rose's root. It was the rotted remains of a noose, a bit of shredding plowline, now blending benignly into the soil. Around an overhanging limb of a great spreading oak clung another piece. Frayed, rotted, bleached, and frazzled—barely there—but spinning restlessly in the breeze. Myop laid down her flowers.

And the summer was over.

DISCOURSE CHOICES

Choose one of the following choices. You will have the whole period to work on your writing. After you have finished your draft, go to the back of the room at the designated tables to share your work. Read your work aloud to the student[s] back there and then listen as they read their drafts to you. Remember that these are drafts, and therefore do not need to be perfect or final. When you listen to your classmates' writing, try to find something that you like about their piece, and share that with them. We will share a lot of our writing with each other this year, and it is good that you familiarize yourself with the activity. HAVE FUN WITH THIS!

Choice 1: Monologue

Imagine that someone you care deeply about has just told you that you are worth nothing. Compose an interior monologue (record what you would be thinking to yourself) about how you could convince yourself otherwise--that you are indeed *somebody*.

A possible place to begin: *He/she is so WRONG! I am somebody because. . .*

Choice 2: Dialogue

Write a letter to Chato de Shamrock advising him about what he needs to do to improve his consciousness of self-identity. Give him some constructive help and tell him what you do when you have bouts with self-esteem problems. (You may want to help him find a hobby in which he can express himself in ways other than by writing his name everywhere.)

A possible place to begin: *Dear Chato, I have some good advice for you. When I feel _____, I do. . .*

Choice 3: 1st Person Narrative

Write a journal entry about your plans to better yourself. How will improving small things about you help you with your sense of identity? Will it increase your consciousness of self? (remember that you will be sharing this with your classmates, so don't include anything that you may not want other people to hear)

A possible place to begin: *This year I want to change certain things about me because. . .*

Choice 4: 3rd Person Narrative

Write a fictional biography (the story of one person's life) of the identity. How is the identity born? Where is it raised? Who are its parents? What problems does it face? When does it die? Can it get sick? etc. Treat identity like a character and tell its story.

A possible place to begin: *When identity is first born. . .*

THE BILL

For Darrell Bob Houston

THE BEET IS THE MOST INTENSE of vegetables. The onion has as many pages as *War and Peace*, every one of which is poignant enough to make a strong man weep, but the various ivory parchments of the onion and the stinging green bookmark of the onion are quickly charred by belly juices and bowel bacteria. Only the beet departs the body the same color as it went in.

Beets consumed at dinner will, come morning, stock a toilet bowl with crimson fish, their hue attesting to beet's chromatic immunity to the powerful digestive acids and thoroughgoing microbes that can turn the reddest pimento, the orangest carrot, the yellowest squash into a single disgusting shade of brown.

At birth we are red-faced, round, intense, pure. The crimson fire of universal consciousness burns in us. Gradually, however, we are devoured by parents, gulped by schools, chewed up by peers, swallowed by social institutions, wolfed by bad habits, and gnawed by age; and by the time we have been digested, cow style, in those six stomachs, we emerge a single disgusting shade of brown.

The lesson of the beet, then, is this: hold on to your divine blush, your innate rosy magic, or end up brown. Once you're brown, you'll find that you're blue. As blue as indigo. And you know what that means:

Indigo.

Indigoing.

Indigone.

APPENDIX C:

LEARNING STATION MATERIALS
FOR INTRODUCTORY WEEK

WHAT IS A PORTFOLIO?

A portfolio is:

- A place where your drafts are stored before you revise them.
- A place where you can see how much your skills are improving.
- A place where you can keep track of all of the great things you are creating.
- A place where Miss Hennessey can keep track of all the great things you are creating.
- A place where your efforts are rewarded!
- A place for YOU!

At this station, please make your Portfolio. These drab folders do not tell me anything about you guys. I want to know who you are, what you like, how you think, and why. I want us to get to know each other. So, you make this folder (with all of the supplies provided here) something that you are proud of. Make it something that speaks of you in some way. Make it something that you can pick up and proudly say HERE'S MINE!!

Get creative and have some fun! Remember, this folder is going to be holding some VERY great stuff!!